

University of Texas Bulletin

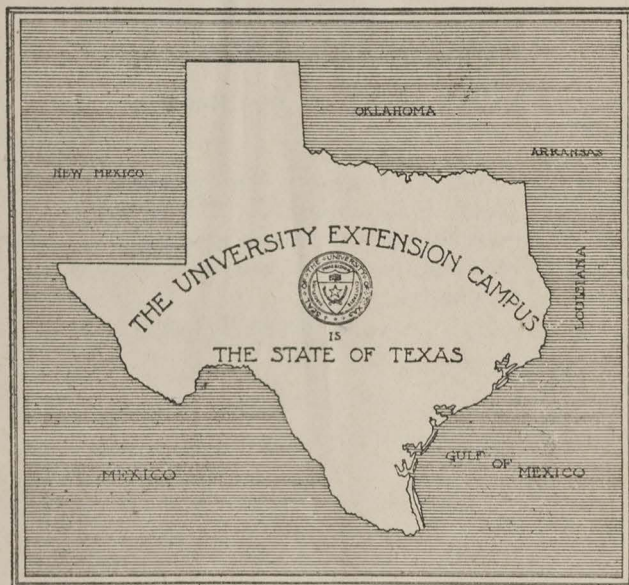
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WAR SONGS FOR COMMUNITY MEETINGS

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The benefits of education and of useful knowledge, generally diffused through a community, are essential to the preservation of a free government.

Sam Houston

Cultivated mind is the guardian genius of democracy. . . . It is the only dictator that freemen acknowledge and the only security that freemen desire.

Mirabeau B. Lamar

WAR SONGS FOR COMMUNITY MEETINGS

PREFATORY NOTE

The following songs, contained in the University of Texas Extension Bulletin, *University Aid for Community Councils of Defense*, are here printed separately for use at "community sings." The value of music in connection with community meetings has been repeatedly stressed by the National Committee on Public Information. In co-operation with the Texas State Council of Defense, the University Department of Extension is devoting all its energies, without unduly interfering with established lines of service, to helping our Government win the world war. To this end we shall be glad to serve community councils and similar organizations in every way possible.

E. D. SHURTER,

Director of the University of Texas
Department of Extension.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceal'd, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner: Oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
3. Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this is our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICA

(My Country 'Tis of Thee)

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
2. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

3. Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.
4. God bless our splendid men,
Bring them safe home again,
 God bless our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
 God bless our men.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

1. O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates makes heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus:—

When borne by the Red, White and Blue.
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

2. When war winged its wild desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so produly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus:—

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

3. "Old Glory" to greet, now come hither,
With eyes full of love to the brim;
May the wreaths of our heroes ne'er wither,
Nor a star of our banner grow dim;
May the service united ne'er sever;
But they to our colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus:—

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

1. Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
We will rally from the hillside,
We'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

Chorus:—

The Union forever,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor and up with the stars!
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

2. We are springing to the call of
Our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with
A million freeman more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

OVER THERE

1. Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run;
Hear them calling you and me
Every son of liberty.
Hurry right away, no delay, go today,
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad,
Tell your sweetheart not to pine—
To be proud her boy's in line.

Chorus:—

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, breathe a prayer,
Send the word, send the word over there,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over over there.

2. Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Johnnie, show the Hun you're a son-of-a-gun,
Hoist the flag and let her fly,
Like true heroes do or die.
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit,
Soldiers to the ranks from the towns and the tanks,
Make your mothers proud of you,
And to liberty be true.

KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING

1. They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking
Make it sing this cheery song.

Chorus:—

Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

2. Over seas there came a pleading,
"Help a Nation in distress!"
And we gave our glorious laddies—
Honour bade us do no less.
For no gallant Son of Freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of "Friend."

CANNING THE KAISER

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

(Tune, "Marching Through Georgia.")

1. Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the world along,
Sing it as we need to sing it, half a million strong—
While we are canning the Kaiser.

Chorus:—
 Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill! We're on the job today!
 Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill! We'll seal you so tight you'll stay!
 We'll put you up with ginger in the good old Yankee way—
 While we are canning the Kaiser.
2. Hear the song we're singing on the shining roads of France;
Hear the Tommies cheering, and we see the Poilus prance;
Africanders and Kanucks and Scots without their pants—
While we are canning the Kaiser.
3. Bring the guns from Bethlehem, by way of old New York;
Bring the beans from Boston, and don't leave out the pork;
Bring a load of soda pop, and pull the grape juice cork—
While we are canning the Kaiser.
4. Come on, you men from Dixieland, you lumber jacks of Maine;
Come you Texas cowboys, and you farmers of the plain;
From Florida to Oregon, we boast the Yankee strain—
While we are canning the Kaiser.
5. Now we've started on the job we mean to put it through;
Ship the kings and kaisers all, and make the world anew;
Clear the way for common folk, for men like me and you—
While we are canning the Kaiser.

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE

1. Private Perks is a funny little codger
With a smile, a funny smile;
Five feet none, he's an artful little dodger
With a smile, a funny smile.
Flush or broke, he'll have his little joke,
He can't be suppressed.
All the other fellows have to grin
When he gets this off his chest, [shout] Hi!

Chorus:—

“Pack up your troubles
In your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile;
While you've a lucifer
To light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style;
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while;
So pack up your troubles
In your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.”

2. Private Perks went a-marching
Into Flanders with his smile.
He was loved by the privates and commanders,
For his smile, his funny smile.
When a throng of Boches came along
With a mighty swing,
Perks yelled out
“This little bunch is mine,
Keep your head down, boy, and sing,” [shout] Hi!

The following may well be chanted in chorus:

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the
Republic for which it stands.
One nation indivisible, with liberty and
justice for all.

THE AMERICAN CREED

W. T. PAGE

[Note—This creed, slightly abridged, won the \$1000 prize offered by the city of Baltimore.]

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies, for

I AM AN AMERICAN!

